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LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO EDITORS, AND TERMS FOR CLUBS,

☞ See 15th Page. ☜

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With the present number we present our readers with a Title-page and Index to Volume One. Our original cover is presented as the fittest title-page to that volume. In binding, the outer (advertising) sheet of the first twenty-six numbers may be omitted.

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The lapse of a few months will be sufficient to establish Worcester's Dictionary as the acknowledged standard of reference among the scholars of England and America.—*London Literary Gazette, Feb.* 11, 1860.

Letters of similar purport have been received from the following eminent English philologers, viz. CHARLES RICHARDSON, the venerable author of *Richardson's Dictionary*. HERBERT COLERIDGE, SEC. Philological Society, RICHARD C. TRENCH, H. SMART, and also from PROF. DR. BOSWORTH, Prof. Anglo-Saxon at Oxford University, who says:

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A LITTLE SOLILOQUY.

"WELL! I MUST SAY THAT I LIKE THE STEREOSCOPE! IT BRINGS OUT THE ROUNDNESS OF ONE'S FORM SO!"

A Word from a Horror-stricken Counter-Jumper.

STEWART'S, JUNE 30, 1860.

Oh, most mighty Editor of VANITY FAIR! what do you think! The Common Council are actually growing careful of the public money! During the Japanese fever, some twelve or fourteen dozen pairs of kid gloves were purchased by the authorities, and those that were not used were brought back to our establishment by the wives, daughters, and friends of different Aldermen and Councilmen, to be exchanged for sizes smaller.

MISS TWO O'ME exchanged five pairs of lavenders for five cream colored; MISS BO°°E eight pairs do. for eight assorted; and a cousin of Councilman VAN°°°E, six do. for as many "red white and blue," as she expressed it. After that who will say that the City Fathers are extravagant? It would have been a shame to have had so many pairs of gloves wasted, and they were very thoughtful in having the exchange made. Weren't they? CHARLES PRETTYMAN.

Good for Breckenridge.

VANITY FAIR, in expectation of being on the winning side, with the greatest diffidence begs leave to announce its belief that BRECKENRIDGE will be the next President: for is he not the Nephew of my Uncle, and also one of the Elect?

Why the Weather has been so intensely Hot Lately.

Because the *World* has knocked spots out of the *Sun*.

GARIBALDI.

"Now, red old Mount Vesuvius,
What cometh over thee?
Thine eye is blood-streaked and glassy,
Thy mouth is awful to see."

"O! stranger do not mock me,
To you though it may be fun,
The reason my face is troubled
For me is a terrible one.

"Stand by my foot and listen—
My sorrows I would impart,
The grief that is gnawing my vitals
And piercing my ruddy heart.

"There was an old King in Naples,
Who, for his private glee,
Chained hundreds of human captives
In dungeons under the sea.

"And, was it his mind was cheerful,
Or was it he didn't feel well,
He would take them out by twenties
And mow them down with shell.

"And if, in a wind-blight season,
The vassals were slow to come
With their dues, he would wheel up his mortars
And make them shell out with bomb.

"And hence they called him BOMBA,
The wicked old Son of a Gun—
Excuse the foul fiend, stranger,
That drives me to blow off a pun!

"But BOMBA died and was buried,
And—O, the bitter pill!—
His unpleasant ghost to swallow
They forced me against my will.

"And, now, with mortar and rocket,
With shot and with shrapnel shell,
The BOMB-King is blazing, blazing,
Down in my innermost hell.

"Therefore my brow is heavy,
Therefore my mouth awry,
And, therefore, the lava gushes
Out of my blood-streaked eye.

"And yet I am hoping, hoping,
Old BOMBA'S cannon to spike,
There's a balm for me in the future,
For I know that like cures like:

"That my brow will again unfurrow,
And the glow come back to my face,
When I swallow the Second BOMBA
Who reigns in the Old One's place.

"And a calm falls on my spirit,
As over the lazulite sea,
With a smile of exultant freedom
Old Ætna winks at me.

"While a surging boom arises
From the free Sicilian shore—
Palermo saluting her HERO,
As he enters her open door.

"Nearer, nearer, nearer,
Over the scattering spray,
I see his white sail flapping,
The HERO is coming this way!

"I hear the accordant voices
Of the *bersagliéri*,
Their measured war-chant singing
Unto the rejoicing sea.

"And ever one manly tenor
Rings out like a silver bell—
Viva, V' Italia! viva!
E' Victor Emmanuel!"

THE USUAL ENGLISH GROWL.

E are at it again! Abusing the English for the thousandth time! It is hardly possible for a Briton to eat his chop, or read his *Times*, without a Yankee's doing likewise as soon as he hears of it. We are certainly a nation of pickers as well as scoffers, and, since propositions for substituting another bird for the eagle that "screameth" our glory aloud are in order, let us suggest the Mocking bird as the fit representative of our most salient national peculiarity. Probably you want to know what we have been doing now—well, we have done a good deal. If you will cast a glance backward during a couple of years, you will recollect that Some Weak Minded Little Boy over in London cried Wolf! Wolf! at the top of his lungs, and forthwith all the old women and children in the land took up the cry, and rushed hither and thither hallooing Wolf! Wolf! until the nation was actually scared to death and shook in its Wellingtons. Nor was this all. A search was made for the Wolf which resulted in the finding of his tail only, and that, too, in the Little Boy's imagination. But so frightened were the people at large that they could not be convinced that there was not a Wolf at large also; so they determined to organize a formidable Volunteer Army for the purpose of protecting their lives and property in case a Wolf should happen to come. A very wise precaution, no doubt. But now just look at us Americans. No one has sung out Wolf, we think, though a great outcry has been made about Those Worms;—so much so that Those Worms left their chrysalides and became fleet-winged millers; our suggestion, last week, to hang up a likeness of Old Abe in the Parks probably helped to make them adopt this course. Nevertheless our propensity for aping JOHN BULL was so strong that we at once set several Volunteer Regiments on foot and horseback. Already these companies have acquired thorough discipline and great skill in manœuvering, and it is not at all improbable that they will soon rival, if not eclipse, the original inventors and patentees of the idea, the British. Look at our Seventh Regiment and Camp Scott! Almost equal to anything in England, only such a thing can't be expected—we haven't got the men. There, too, are the Chicago Zouaves. Would be as good a regiment as any in London, only it can't be expected.

We are free to confess that we have elicited the spirit of the foregoing from a gen'l'man from Hingland, who was soliloquizing on Camp Scott, at Staten Island the other day. In the main we agree with him—chiefly because it is a waste of time to dispute him. Furthermore we are willing to concede that there never has been, never will, and never can be anything done in this country that has not, or will not, have been done beforehand in England by an Englishman; and, in all probability, in Ireland by an Irishman. We will admit without a dissentient voice that the Declaration of Independence, GEORGE WASHINGTON, Battle of Bunker Hill, Niagara Falls, ABE LINCOLN, and the What-Is-It? are each and all as English as the Queen herself, and more so.

Vanity Fair "Four-Year-Olds"

As the French (done into English for the occasion) says: 'our four year-old's succeed and do not resemble each other."

The present prodigy is a "flaxen-haired-cherub," who gets off immense jokes on the slightest provocation. Yesterday, her pet kitten, having partaken of the exhilarating catnip rather too freely, was more than usually mischievous. Puss scrambled into the maternal work-basket, and commenced a sad havoc among spools, skeins, and so forth. After many ineffectual attempts to drive her mildly away, *mater-familias* exclaimed, Julia, (the flaxen-haired-cherub's name) your kitten is a perfect torment, the most mischievous little puss I ever saw." "No wonder, mamma," replied the 'cherub'; "you know she is a *maul-tease*." How's that, oh! HARPER?

THE STATE OF EUROPE

(An Editorial Article reproduced from recollection of one in the New York Herald.)

Since 1849, Europe has been maintained in a state of equipoise between disturbance and commotion, during which everything has been gradually crumbling away with a sudden crash—just as, in this country, during the same period of time, political parties have been doing much the same thing, only a good deal more so—leaving princes in this world and politicians in the next equally puzzled as to the way in which to face the ground or to endeavor to maintain the intelligence of the masses of mankind everywhere. This has stirred up to an unwonted degree the abandonment of the old formulas in idealism and old leaders in practice by one of those secret and electric sources which emanate from no leaders and no idols. The few epochs take advantage of their own purposes, and astonish the world with ease. As has happened with LOUIS NAPOLEON in Europe, so will it be with some great politician in this country, who, from the crumbling drift of the times and those parties that LOUIS NAPOLEON has seized from the political organizations among us, will attain for himself revolution without anarchy and a preservative everywhere against anarchy.

This is what has passed in Europe during the past ten years, and is passing still. France accepted LEDRU ROLLIN, and rejected his colleagues with their infamous suggestion that the revolutionists wanted lucifer matches. Italy has rejected MAZZINI and accepted his firebrand. Germany, as shown in the pamphlet of MONS. ABOUT, is approximating to the mighty age of the same triumph of influence, since foretold by long METTERNICH in the saying that, "Germany is rapidly advancing toward Teutonism" and the London *Times*." The aristocratic lights of Buckingham Palace sneer at MONS. ABOUT's logic, and ask, "Why doesn't LOUIS NAPOLEON offer Baden to the Prince Regent of Prussia?" It requires no second sight to see that what was a clear and logical epoch was offered to Prussia by the events in Germany which demonstrated its tendency and its result. The thirty-seven crowns which to-day divide the German nation, will sweep away France and Italy without anarchy, and repeat the grand scene which Piedmont and Sicily witness to-day in the world. If the London *Times* could have sneered at MONS. ABOUT's logic, it would not have refuted it.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, through a correct epoch, availing himself of the great success of the European equipoise, is carrying out the territorial idea of France, and has dared a power of logic and, through a skilfull combination, a logic of power, to establish 26,000,000 of united people to protect the realization of Italy. In return, France has gladly and willingly advanced to her natural boundaries on the Savoy side of Nice. Now he has initiated the idea of a united march to triumph, when Germany will gladly consent to advance to the natural boundary of the Rhine. Then Europe will behold three mighty dynasties, ruling ninety millions of wealthy people with wonder and satisfaction, on the basis of "satisfied nationalities," rather than the material development of the few privileged masses.

England and Turkey alone have been free from this revolution and reaction. Yet to-day, we see in the one a new and rising power against the contest of the lords, and in the other an extension of the suffrage to a bitter conflict between the Crescent and the CROSS. The heterogeneous external attack and internal decay of Austria, successfully crumble to pieces. The policy that induced Trieste to diet as a German town in opposition to Venetia and Hungary is fast losing its hold upon the spirit of the age. One of these must go to its natural nucleus, yet to form a great European union with united Italy. The other mustn't. Thus are the Sclavonic tribes of the nineteenth century gathering under the banner of empire, to sweep away the old and rotten dynasties of Europe and the worn-out political organizations of America, to make room for more consonants, the spirit of the age, the new elements, and the development of the arts, sciences, and intellect that has brought man into existence.

Very Natural.

We learn, without any "special wonder," that the delicious dash of Mrs. JOHN WOOD's acting and singing in the new piece "The Tycoon" has put all the young men about town In a Pucker about *Persimmons*.

The Object of Supporting a Candidate.

To secure his Good Offices.

WHAT ELSE COULD THEY BE?

Free and Enlightened Citizen.—CAPTAIN, DID THOSE MILL-STONES COME OUT OF THE GREAT EASTERN?

Marine Person.—MILL-STONES, YER HONNER? LOR' BLESS YER! THOSE HARN'T MILL-STONES—THOSE HAR HONLY 'ER SEA-BISCUIT.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

We have always thought Mr. E. MERIAM very good at Flash literature: we have always considered him well qualified to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm;" but never till lately did we quite realize his essential intimacy with the elements.

Mr. MERIAM is out in the *Tribune*. It is rare to find electricity in the columns of that paper, but wheresoever the MERIAM is, there will the Thunder and Lightning be gathered together. So we do not wonder at the pyrotechnical condition of the *Tribune*.

In Lightning itself we have never till now felt that fervent interest which it is so well calculated to inspire. But henceforth it is safe to say that our reverence for Lightning will only be equalled by our reverence for MERIAM.

For Lightning, according to MERIAM, is a thing to be very much reverenced indeed. It is like almost any poet of tender age, who has a mission to accomplish and a destiny to fulfil. "My long companionship with the records of Lightning phenomena," says MERIAM, "have made me familiar with its habits, its labors and its powers. *It oftentimes exhibits a power of discrimination that would be a bright adorning to the best faculties of the human mind.*" "Its home," he adds, in a moment of inspiration, "is in the clouds of the atmosphere."

We thank Mr. MERIAM for these disclosures. He is qualified to make them, and he makes them in a very impressive way. We have no doubt as to his "long companionship" with "Lightning phenomena." He seems to have prosecuted his acquaintance with Thunder and Lightning to the fullest extent of amiable perseverance. "I searched," he tells us, "and *made inquiries of the trees in the forest* in relation to the frequency of their being scathed by Lightning." We hope the trees were responsive to his inquiries. As to the "power of discrimination" exhibited by the Lightning, Mr. MERIAM records one fact which must convince the most sceptical mind:—"No case of death by Lightning in Boston appears in my records, and *it is rarely that the Lightning strikes in that city.*" Only think what judgment! What "a bright adorning!" It is not very complimentary to Boston, indeed—this aversion of the Lightning—but it does exhibit great "power of discrimination." We don't wonder at it. To keep away from the Hub of the Universe is one of the prettiest ways in the world to exhibit discrimination. To Essex, however, the Lightning is "a frequent visitor." Certainly this slight to Boston is very marked, considering that Essex is only an interior and contemptible village, with nothing in it but a Methodist Meeting House and some leather straps. Why not have suppressed this cruel truth, O implacable MERIAM? Would not the rest suffice? Could we doubt the "discrimination" of the Lightning! Dids't thou not record that "in Greenwood Cemetery, occupying four hundred and fifty acres of land, the Lightning has struck but five times during a period of nineteen years?" Surely this is "discrimination," which will not strike where there are none to kill!

You might have spared Boston, though. Consider, MERIAM; it is a *virtuous*, it is a *respectable* city! Let the Lightning go there! Expostulate with the Lightning! Remove its prejudices! You say it is "sometimes sent for correction, sometimes for mercy, and sometimes for the invigorating of the land." Let it go to Boston "sometimes for mercy!" Sometimes for mercys sake let it go to Boston. As they didn't have the Japanese, at least give 'em a thunder storm.

Pardon our enthusiasm, Gentle Reader! We love once in a while to say a kind word for the worthy and innocent neglected, if only for the sake of confounding the enemies that denounce us as satirical and misanthropic. Let us say a kind word for MERIAM, then, the bosom friend of Thunder and Lightning! Let us say a kind word for Thunder and Lightning the bosom friends of MERIAM! And lastly, let us say a kind word for Boston, the metropolis of New England and home of Mr. EVERETT of the *Ledger*, which, neglected at once by Thunder, and Lightning, and MERIAM, is so truly

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

A SIMPLE CATECHISM FOR REPUBLICANS.

With all the Appropriate Answers Appended.

Q. Why do you call Mr. LINCOLN "Uncle?"
A. Because of our Relations.
Q. Your party has done very little for him as yet: are you going to work for him, directly?
A. No: In-directly.
Q. What are you going to work directly for?
A. Loaves and Fishes.
Q. What is your opinion of the "Honesty" claimed for LINCOLN?
A. Honesty is the best Policy.
Q. What was your COVODE Investigating Committee expected to develop?
A. It was expected to develop Political Capital.
Q. Did it develop any?
A. Not as you knows on.
Q. What do you think of the Political Capital Dodge?
A. I think it is a Capital Political Dodge.
Q. What will your party do with so many rails?
A. Make a fence with them.
Q. What for?
A. To accommodate the "Nigger in the Fence."
Q. Do you believe that Slavery is radically wrong?
A. Wait till November.
Q. What do you think of the nomination of BELL and EVERETT!
A. What do *you* think of the megatherium?
Q. Do you think LINCOLN will run as well as FREMONT did?
A. Yes, but not so far.
Q. Upon what State will the contest most depend?
A. The State of the Funds.
Q. What is your particular reason for putting LINCOLN in command of the Ship of State?
A. I want to secure a good Berth on board of her.
Q. Will SEWARD ever be up again for the Presidency?
A. Yes. Up a Stump!
Q. What is LINCOLN'S worst Vice?
A. HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

1. Morning.

2. Noon.

3. Night.

PUNNING MADE EASY.

Every Man his own Punster.

(*Continued.*)

Can a man tell a lie for the sake of making a Pun? He can. Nay it is even his duty to lie, with such an inducement, because of the fact universally admitted that wit is of greater rarity than truth. To tell the truth any fool is able, and often willing, but it is impossible for an idiot to propound, guess, attempt, or otherwise appreciate a conundrum. Veracity is nothing more than an innate tendency of nature; but the pun and the lie are the results of civilization. To sacrifice these latter to the former, would be to prefer barbaric virtue to enlightened vice. For these reasons it is plain that a Punster may be a liar, or even a thief, and remain a good and great man.

To attain this superior "stand-point," if you will excuse a word as "odious as the word occupy," let the youthful punster study these different modes of intellectual culture separately. For, as it is often the case that a pun cannot be made without denying some axiom, or asserting some absurdity, either in morals or religion, familiarity with these crimes is absolutely necessary. Otherwise great opportunities are neglected, because of timidity, and the ten commandments. At first it is best to practice the pure lie, till it becomes habitual and easy; to do this the punster must tell falsehoods to himself in private, and afterwards beginning with his father and mother, deceive them shamefully; thence proceeding to lie monstrously, wherever he goes, and whenever he can. Then, after he has lost all confidence in himself, he may very plausibly undertake the art of swindling words out of their meaning.

But, if after this severe training, the youth should find himself still too conscientious to pun with promptness and energy, and yet shrinks from the butchery of the language, he must not be discouraged. Rome was not built in a day. In the pursuit of perfection the Punster must expect moral impediments. If lying cannot give him that courage essential to any grand innovation upon language, let him seek a profounder experience in thieving. Here again it is best to begin modestly, and with some trifling theft, for Grand Larceny, too rashly ventured, shocks the mind, and is painful to the conscience. A few pennies now and then from a drawer, a handkerchief from a pocket, is a very good beginning. When the natural shame attending these actions is subdued, increase the amount to dollars, and go on with a firm and rapid touch. I might as well mention that the robbery of widows and orphans hardens the mind with great certainty, and should not be neglected. But there is one danger attending this exercise, which should be avoided, that it may become by habit more attractive than even punning itself, and lead you to regard it as an end instead of a means. In this way your profession is disgraced.

If still the student is troubled with fear, and cannot bring himself to utter those most unusual combinations which astonish and confound, he must adopt a bolder course, and mount at once into Murder. Again beginning at the beginning, let his first experiment be upon babes. A child left sleeping in its cradle can be murdered without difficulty, either by suffocation with a pillow, or strangling with the hands. After the deed in accomplished, you call in the mother, and make a pun on her infant's name, watching her closely to see if she should take. If sorrow overcomes her natural desire to laugh, you will know that your purpose is not attained, and should immediately kill her with a hammer. The husband running in, attracted by her shrieks, put the case to him in the form of a conundrum—"What is the difference, sir, between the murder of your child, and that of your wife?" He will probably rush at you. Stun him with a stool. Then, as he recovers from the shock, inform him that "One is a smother in this cradle, and the other is a great ill in this mother." Should he refuse to laugh, you must know you are still not funny enough, and should humanely put him out of pain.

We have now killed three people, without any definite result; do not therefore regard their death as useless. You have at least made a beginning. They may have been deficient in humor; to avoid this in future, make a phrenological examination of your subjects, selecting such only as victims who have large mirthfulness and fine intellect. Keep on murdering till you meet some worthy and intelligent man, who comprehends your joke, and dies very much amused.

You will now have acquired a boldness and decision of touch, a mastery of opportunity, an elasticity and alacrity of spirit, an elevation of tone, so to speak, and should immediately venture upon the longest words in the language. Abandon the premeditated pun, no longer strive to turn the conversation towards the subject of your joke, but relying on your ability, use the pun impromptu altogether.

I presume that by this time many persons who have studied these essays, wishing to learn to be Punsters, have become very much discouraged. They object to my system on the ground that I "teach but bloody instructions," and that from the back door of my school is a short cut to the residence of Dives. With this I am well satisfied. He who has not courage to study the great Art he professes, *thoroughly*, to ground himself in the preliminary branches, had better abandon his ambition, and remain content with his imbecility. A puny mind is not a puny one, and I require of my pupils, strength, courage, and the strictest obedience.

But let no one suppose, from the tenor of my remarks, that I am base enough to be the advocate of evil, and the unscrupulous corrupter of the young. On the contrary no man is more opposed to the awful vices of Lying, Larceny, and Murder. Left to themselves, pursued for their own sakes alone, they lead to falsehood, loss of property, and to bloodshed. I wish it to be fully understood that I sustain them only as *means to an end*, and under *proper restraints*. To the advancement of civilization, to the improvement of the Pun, much must be sacrificed. The Punster does not murder for the sake of blood; blood to him is not of the *slightest* use—what can he do with it when he has it? Is blood then so valuable? Is it eagerly sought after by the miser? No. The suppositions are preposterous. Then the Punster must kill for other reasons; with some high and noble object in view, some great and benevolent purpose.

Taking this view of the matter it is evident that his disinterestedness, and self-sacrifice, should have a worthier return. Instead of

malicious struggles, and spiteful cries for assistance, the victim should approach with alacrity, and eagerly assist the Punster, by divesting his throat of his cravat, by running to get the razor, or going down the cellar for the axe.

Then instead of moans, groans, and selfish resistence, all would be harmony and kindness. The domestic circle would no longer be the scene of violence, disturbed by shrieks, and the furniture perhaps injured by struggles. Surrounded by his family, seated by the familiar fireside, the victim would smile upon his friend, as he asked him the conundrum, preparatory to raising the axe. He would do his best to guess it, thinking over it in all its phases, and asking information of doubtful points. His children would look up into his face with smiles, wiping their tears. He would bid his wife good-bye, and ask for the baby that he might kiss it farewell, consoling it in tender phrases—"Pooty baby! is its itty pappy doein to be killedy illdy? O yessy. Coochey, oochy, coochey. Pappy knocky on de heady widdy axey. O yessy. Coochy-oochy. By, by, baby." Then the Punster raising and taking the axe, kills him gently and kindly, in the bosom of his family, and surrounded by those he loves.

How different from an ordinary murder. But alas! people do not properly appreciate the importance of the Pun, or this would not be merely an ideal picture, but a beautiful reality.

A GOOD THING FOR BONNER.

THE *Herald* of last Saturday rather exalted the *Ledger* people. On its 4th page it contained the Fourth of July oration pronounced in the City Hall of Boston by Mr. EDWARD EVERETT, author of the "Mount Vernon Papers," and the 6th page was taken up with the first instalment of "Leon de Bournay; or The onspirator of Cordova. A Tale of Moorish Spain. By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr., author of "The Gunmaker of Moscow.'" The juxtaposition is singularly appropriate, and we congratulate Mr. BONNER upon the fact that, though he was obliged to pay for the insertion of Mr. COBB'S story as an advertisement, Mr. EVERETT'S speech was not only published gratuitously but treated to a "first rate notice" in the editorial columns.

SEE THE CONQUERING HERO, ETC.

Perhaps even at this moment, while the tardy press sends forth these lines, the bark that carries the conqueror of the British Lion may be upon the seas, and bearing that gentleman to the home of his infancy. He returns to our yearning arms, wearing the trophy of his victory, in the shape of half a belt. We know that the spontaneous outgushing of the great American heart will accord to the victor in the battle which settled forever the arrogance of Great Britain, a reception worthy of so great an achievement; but this alone will not satisfy us. We feel that the press should be especially grateful to the fistic hero for the capital he has furnished. Over the details of his mimic war and its subsequent diplomacy, the mighty engine has grown both eloquent and maudlin. HOE'S double fast has been sadly exercised to keep up with the demand of the public to know at what particular round HEENAN smashed SAYERS' "nob," and where, exactly, SAYERS closed HEENAN'S "peeper." The illustrated broadsheets have made their special and particular piles, by giving, in every place, the record of the little mill, from the moment when HEENAN first punched SAYERS on the "flytrap"—we think we are right on the professional—until the legs of the latter gentleman hung limp and lifeless over the ropes.

Taking all these things into consideration, we hold that the coming Champion should be received by the press, and, with all respect for the older members of the profession, we draw up a programme. Should our portion of it be capable of improvement—which we feel sure it cannot be—we will gladly *listen* to any suggestions.

We would—immediately upon the steamer that has the honor to bear the Champion, being telegraphed—proceed down the bay, headed by the Rebecca yacht, which of course, by the undoubted courtesy of its proprietor, will be placed at the disposal of the editors and contributors of VANITY FAIR. On reaching the steamer, the entire company will put up their hands and invoke blessings on the Champion's eyes. He will then be addressed by Mr. H. J. RAYMOND in a screed of welcome, while HORACE GREELEY will sing a song of triumph, accompanying himself on the hand-organ. At this juncture Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT will execute a Highland fling in character, ending off with a recital of the number of *Heralds* sold every day for the last three years.

Immediately after this pleasant performance FRANK LESLIE, who will attend with only one "special correspondent" and twenty-two artists, will make three-hundred rapid sketches of interesting objects connected with the *personnel* of the Champion. At this point we shall step in, and take charge of our eminent countryman, for the purpose of Boole(y)ing him. The landing will be made at the Hoboken Ferry and the procession will move up Barclay-street, headed by the ferry master and two policemen. At the corner of Ann-street the procession will halt for ten minutes, when a glass of soda water, sarsaparilla syrup, will be presented to the illustrious guest, for which he will not be asked to pay. From this point, if the Street Inspector has performed his duty, it is expected that the office of VANITY FAIR will be reached in less an hour. Here a cold collation will be served in the editorial room under the superintendance of our principal roller-boy. After partaking of this repast, the payment of which we have liberally provided for by an unlimited draft on the waste paper department, the stock of which, even in moments of the greatest depression, is worth one and a half cents per pound, the room will be cleared of its furniture and papers, and the choice given the Champion of picking out any member of the press then present, and punching his head. This part performed, which is to be understood as an expiation by the whole body of any disrespectful remarks that may have been made about the Champion during his absence, the freedom of the city will be presented in a shape of a pledge not to report any little shortcomings of the B. B., should he find it necessary in support of his laurels, to generally smash anybody or anything. This point disposed of, arrangements will be made for a ball to be paid for out of the city treasury, the tickets to be sold at $25 each, according to the latest and most approved style. This little affair we look forward to as something nice. The gentlemen of the fancy will have unlimited license to put up their hands as often, and at whom they please. Policemen with drawn clubs will be mixed up with the crowd, with permission to pitch in and give it to any small or inoffensive looking individuals they may see about, while the interests of the waiters will be attended to, by placing it in their power to sell the refreshments to the highest bidders. By these precautions we believe the HEENAN Ball and reception, may almost be made to equal that of the Japanese, especially so, should we be fortunate enough to secure the good offices of BOOLE.

A Deficiency Supplied.

"MATRIMONIAL.—A YOUNG, HANDSOME AND INTELLIGENT GENTLEman, just from the South, 21 years old, is desirous of forming the acquaintance of some handsome and intelligent young lady, not over eighteen, with a view to matrimony.

I would like to marry
If I could only find,
Some handsome young lady
Just suited to my mind;
I would like her witty,
I would like her gay,
And with a little money
And the fashions of the day.

[We take the liberty of adding the second verse, which has evidently been accidentally omitted. ED. V. F.]

I'm a knavish fellow
I'm a heartless wretch;
I'll abuse the girl I marry,
And will sell, for what they'll fetch,
Her honor and her wedding ring,
The very clothes she wears;
Then forsake the tender-hearted thing
And disown the child she bears.

Con. for the Missionaries.

Why are the Gentlemen of the Japanese Embassy like certain well-known State Bonds?

Because they are Good, but not Convertible!

To the Friends, Lovers Especially and Countrymen of the Gallant Seventh.

Are you aware that the Camp Scott volunteers are regularly Tattooed every night? It is so, any way.

The Widow's Cruise.

The Lady FRANKLIN Expedition.

A CRACK AT SOME FOLKS.

EVERY summer there are two classes of people who look forward with delight to the fashionable exodus from the city; they are budding young ladies and grey old house-thieves. The summer months are peculiarly festive to each of them. The ladies must excuse us for daring to mention them in the same sentence with burglars and coves, but a moment's reflection will show that we do so not without good reason. Birds of a feather usually flock together; then why may not an editor place side by side the crafty housebreaker and the cunning heart-breaker? The burglar who enters our rooms and the damsel who enters our affections? The thief who purloins our silver and the maid who steals our peace of mind? Ah! young hoydens! you are not so far removed from the dreadful robber as you would like to suppose. You go to Newport, Long Branch, Saratoga and Niagara to carry on your depredations, and for pretty much the same object the city thief takes advantage of the family's absence to enter your mansion, turn on the gas, feast himself on your father's choice old wines and the contents of the refrigerators, and, when leaving, to carry with him a few souvenirs of his visit.

You know you do; don't deny it. Excuse yourself and—we had almost said you exculpate the thief, but on second thoughts we will not say that. Now is the gay season of the Five Points. The F. P. pays its respects to the Fifth Avenue, and politely leaves its card, after inviting itself to call again next summer.

The F. P. not unfrequently rides in its carriage on these occasions, and why should it not? Fifth Avenue does the same, so it is a square thing all around. If Fifth Avenue happens to come home before the out-of-town season is fairly over, it must not be astonished to find its visitor from down town gayly enjoying its *otium cum dignitate* in the sumptuous parlors and libraries of the aforesaid. Nor need Fifth Avenue fear to disturb the impassibility of Five Points by lustily shouting "Police!"

The Police are unusually scarce; probably also in the country. The best thing for the Avenue to do, under the circumstances, is to shake hands with the Points and beg it not to be in a hurry—in fact to fraternise cordially; for after all there is but little difference between a Wall-street Broker and a Baxter-street Cracksman.

Not Necessarily Flora Temples.

FOR SALE—AT THE DEPOT OF SIXTH AVENUE Railroad, corner of Forty-fourth street and Sixth avenue, several fine Horses, too valuable for the company's sesvices.

We are posted on Sixth Avenue Railroad trotters and do not consider the fact that those for sale "are too valuable for the company's services" any recommendation whatever. Most of the horseflesh on this route have concluded to stand it no longer, and prudently leave all the pulling to be done by its former acquaintances, skin and bones.

The Whole-Souled Jerseyman.

We have heard of men so mean that they would abstract coins from the eyelids of a defunct colored person. We were not, until lately, aware that more despicable mortals existed. The *Times* of Saturday convinced us of our error. They have them in Belvidere, N. J. Have them very bad, too, if what the *Times* tells us is true:

Great efforts were made to induce Sheriff SWEENEY to execute HALDEN in public. The fine for so doing would have been $200, which the citizens of Belvidere offered to make up on condition of his so doing. The reasons given were, thousands of people from the surrounding townships and villages would come to witness the execution, and *their coming would benefit Belvidere, pecuniarily speaking, very largely.*

We promise our readers to desist, in future, from satirizing the actions of the Jerseymen. The mere mention of "Belvidere" will, we think, be sufficiently aggravating. At all events we shall content ourselves with making that little remark from time to time.

A Fair thing all around.

The Presidential term is four years only; as there are just four candidates for that office, why would it not do to amalgamate the tickets, select them all unanimously, and let each of the men serve for a year?

A Matter of Course.

PATERFAMILIAS, whose son is down at Camp Scott just now, need entertain no fears in regard to the future of that young gentleman. Any one who has ever seen the Seventh's boys on parade can tell him that they always Turn Out well.

LITTLE STEPHEN A. TRYING TO CLIMB INTO A VERY HIGH CHAIR.

THE BURGLARS' CARNIVAL.

(A Scene in a Fifth Avenue parlor any time during the dog days.)

CORKEY JACK.—Come, Pigsey, the kerridge is a waitin' for us.

PIGSEY.—All right; but before we go, let's take a partin' drink to our absent friends, the perlice.

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

No pent up cuticle contracts our powers,
For all we *want* we'll *grab*—and call it ours.

CHAPTER. III.

ERICAN watering places peculiar institutions. Cape May—alias Cape Island most peculiar one of lot—consequently least noticed. Foreigner comes country, goes Newport, Nahant, Saratoga, perhaps Va. Springs—thinks he knows all 'bout it—goes home—writes book: "America, a continuation of Europe — fag ends English style, and Paris fashions—*coiffure a la Mont de Pieté* —nothing in it." But don't see into peculiar character of each place, don't see *through* the character into different home-lives and social circles which meet there, don't know why MISS HIGHFLYER has all her acquaintances in the Top Sawyer House and not one in the Spread Eagle. Can't understand it, 'specially as Spread Eagle may be best kept house of two, have best table, best rooms and band music. Goes over Spread Eagle some evening—sees nice girls in broad flats and ribbons walking porticoes—hears *la ci darem* on piano—sees darkey spread table—very much same style fathers and mothers sitting round steps—don't understand it.

MISS HIGHFLYER understands it though, first-rate—could give Tourist some ideas if she could only explain. Can't do it though—can only say, "Nobody there one knows." Darkey waiters understand it too—just as well as HIGHFLYER—analyze in practical way better than any writer ever did. Understand the contradictions too—why HIGHFLYER's cousin lives at Spread Eagle—drives her own carriage down to beach while HIGHFLYER goes afoot. Cousin would give carriage though and travel hands and knees down to surf to have the worst of HIGHFLYERS beaux or friends—great country wonderful people! Tourist puts on extra-strong lens, lights gas—looks at remarkable insects. "H'm—very odd—well;—there certainly *is* a difference between them—but then it isn't so great d'ye observe, that the creatures need show such a beastly aversion for each other." Not being one of "creatures" himself, Tourist can't be expected to have their feelings. All very easy to understand in England, Germany, France—all down in novels, poems, all sorts things. American shades and demi-tints *not* down in novels yet—strong reason against it—six little holes round centre pin and saw handle in the rear—popular verdict 'sarved him right! Easy to say "copy from nature." Just set yourself up once to be copied and see how you'll like it! Find out like the Dutchman who stood still to have his photograph taken that the fellow's pointing a cannon at you instead of camera-obscura. Can't satirize anything but a *class* in England—can't do up anything but *individual* here. Am going to do an individual from life however, in this very chapter. Thus endeth first lesson.

To go Cape May leave Philadelphia in steamboat. Splendid place to leave, after first July. Hotter than Albany, hotter than Pan of Matanzas, out of Pan into fire when go from there to Philadelphia in summer. Day like Tophet, night like day stewed over again. People say it's healthiest there in summer—reason why—cooked victuals last longer than raw. Left wharf with RANDOLPH more dead than 'live. People trying to build rail r. down Jersey shore from Camden to Cape May—Jerseymen greatly enraged at Philadelphians because they don't finish road—'cause why, Jersey wants to ride at half price, sell fuel to company, send eggs to market—but don't want to pay for stock. Cuss the "city fellows" though for wanting public spirit, "cause they don't finish our railroad—nary bit." North of Cape May lies belt of God-forsakenest Country in existence. Natives, cedar-diggers—pass lives in trackless swamps, run iron drills down into mud—discover pre-adamite cedar trees heads all turned to East—dig'em up, sell 'em for tin cups, blue beads, axes and whiskey, get corned till their own heads are all 'bout due East also. Manners, like trees, pre-adamite only more so. Adam did see the Lord once—South Jersey never did and never will.

Look round on board boat—find very nice lady—MRS. CATALPA and daughter CAROLINE CATALPA—nice girl only few milestones inside thirty—but fine clear forehead, imperial eye-brow—eye like best Maraschino, agreeable to every taste and superior to all; superb figure—remarkable hands, and not "showy." Only trouble—knows too deuced much. Can't sink so deep or rise so high but what the CATALPA has a fibre below you or a blossom above you. Can't be bluffed, stunned shocked or instructed. Only word what you've got to say in delicate equivocal phrase—give it the courtly or scientific turn—and there's no idea extant in the whole range of human nature which you can't ventilate with CATALPA. Has no tendency to evil—is simply determined that so long as forms of good breeding are kept up nobody shall have whip-hand of her. Has been outside of them—too. Once in Vienna, masked ball, CATALPA retorted over and over again at CROAT baron—drove him half mad—CROAT gave her vile epithets in his native tongue and said in French: "Anger goes back to his mother-tongue." CATALPA whispered softly to him in Servian—"yes—and returns with what belongs to his mother." Had a heart once—where now! Somewhere high and dry among sea-weed, sands and old tide marks of Europe lies the bleaching shell—must have taken powerful tide—strong tempest—to wrench a CATALPA heart from native bed.

CATALPAS must have pets though—got young girl, great expressive eyes, not very expressive tongue—lump of ice half thawed, be boiling water some day. Seems to understand CATALPA without medium of words—has a light Spanish tone—*colorado pajizo*—sum total—one-half green, one half over-ripe. Good material for "regular little devil" of most dangerous description.

Make old lady comfortable—sharp dame but very dozy—arrange seats—talk. Bring out powerful opera-glass—CALPA sends Pet for her's—such a glass! Can see the fiddler-crabs five miles off on beach—good glass—no wonder—Grand Duke VEIT VON SCHLACHTENSCHLAGER gave it to her on her name-day—told her it was finest ever made in Germany. Begged her when he died to look sometimes into heaven with it, see if she could find him. Did look. Hadn't found him yet—would take a fresh observation from Cape Island. RANDOLPH suggested looking downward— — —at the heavens reflected in ocean. "And tempt thee not the eternal skies all spread in watery blue and tempt thee not thine own dark eyes——"

"Fine idea that," says CATALPA. "Go bathing in my own eyes!"

"Don't try it—unless you can swim," replied RANDOLPH. "Many a poor devil has been drowned there. If you wade you'll hurt your feet on the skeletons."

RANDOLPH said this gaily but CATALPA looked at him steadfastly—interestedly, while the Pet by quick magnetism lit up fire of eyes to entertain the stranger who had joined them with so few words. Then CATALPA replied with great sweetness. "All seas, whether they will or no, must contain the dead hopes which fools cast into them. Only *Dead Seas*"—here she looked straight at him—"are called up in wrath over a dreadful Sodom and Gomorrah."

After this pleasant little arrangement we all became very intimate. And if reader is as old stager as RANDOLPH and CATALPA he may understand why it was their mutual "sarse" was anything but annoying to either.

Cape May last point, tip end of Jersey. Wants the groves of nutwood, magnolia, laurel you find all over Atlantic—ain't very old self—but can remember when was only one tree on Cape Island: more now—but all ailanthusus or trees of heaven, so called 'cause devil himself can't stand smell of blossom—Chinese say 'cause pictures of angels in the bark—never could see 'em—have heard young ladies called angels in the rough—can't make it any nearer. Cape May jolly place though. Lots big hotels—TOM BARRETT pistol gallery—saloons—shanties sell fancy goods, cut Cape Diamonds, fight tiger, game open 25 hours a day, shops for bathing clothes and candy—arbors—six bath houses surmounted by benches overhead some sticks covered by dead oak leaves—sit under 'em and see ocean and vessels, a hundred sail perhaps in sight, going up and down Delaware Bay, all sorts things.

Cape May very serene place. In old times if man had fancy to promenade town in shirt and drawers, blowing French horn people thought nothing of it. If gentlemen got drunk as pipers, friends took 'em down, dipped 'em sober in surf—thought nothing of it.

If gay party arrested the police, locked 'em all up in bath-house and tried to roll it into sea—people thought nothing of it. If gentlemen fought duels with pistols, fence rails or decanters—thought nothing of it. If self-appointed regulators picked up all who were compelled to sleep or hammock about loose for want of rooms and made 'em shell out champagne—thought nothing of it. If a scandal of any size, color, complexion stripe kind or grossness showed its head—and plenty did—the whole island agreed in thinking nothing of it.

Late years things a little changed. COLUMBIA Hotel grew up and took in Baltimore and Philadelphia nobs—other houses tenanted by mixt society—landlords began to put down old *regime*. Still people flocked in—sometimes from seven to ten thousand people on island. Seen myself nearly three thousand bathing together—all ages and sexes—screaming and yelling, laughing, swearing, kicking, floating, howling, roaring, hooting, cheering, whooping, swimming, hurrahing, wading in the mad, angry, jolly triumphant desolate ferocious cold wilderness of breakers. Assure you sir—no mistake about it—if you never tried the excitement of bathing at Cape May under the delirious circumstances aforesaid you have a new sensation to undergo—as original a one as hashish, red pepper-brandy or snuff-and-pearlash-dipping—and a great deal nicer than all of 'em. Something like it on the coast of India when natives go down evening to take pious old wash, something same style Persian Gulf during pearl season and in South Seas when all hands flop through surf to come off to ship—but no *civilized* fun on face of earth to begin with it. Roman carnival nowhere. Heathen go it *in puribus*, Cape May goes it *in pluribus straw hatlis, bathing-dresses, pantaloonum et chemisorum.* RANDOLPH says difference is between undressed decency and dressed indecency—but RANDOLPH is *roué*—like all his tribe very critical in minor morals.

Long drive through wretched little sand pines, in wagons with sandy haired driver drawn by sand-horses among green sand-flies. Gets cooler—there you are, in town! Long train of wagons—great rush as usual to offices for rooms—awful struggle—suspense—landlord gives 'em—dispense—final result ex-pense. "No place where the pence *is* so mightier than the sword than at Cape May." (Voluntary contribution to the Telegrams by EOLINE CATHARINE WHEELER FLINDERS.)

Rushed into HARWOOD'S—grand outcry on piazza—wild waving of flats—musical hurrah!—Captain FLINDERS there awfully excited—all primed for fun; DE BROOM in rear. "How do you do?—Pa's got you such *nice* rooms—I've been teasing MR. HARWOOD all day long myself—and he'll do anything for me and you must run up and change in a hurry for we——"

Speech suddenly gave out and poor FLINDERS dried up abruptiously as the Countess CATALPA de Gramercy Park put out her

COUNTESS CATALPA.

head and twelve inches of foot, ankle and sofa [illegible] couldn't help it—to descend from step-less Jersey wagon—RA[illegible]H officiating as squire. Shadow of awe on FLINDERS—good girl not afraid of anything earthly, but CATALPA a shade beyond her humanity. Read about her dozen times in *Home J.*—regular stock in trade for all the JENKINS—presented to Queen VICTORIA—FLINDERS never was mentioned in newspaper in all her life except in hotel-arrivals. DE BROOM not so much un-oxygenized—got more oak in her, had more seasons and more seasoning. Never saw CATALPA before in life—only one glance between 'em over RANDOLPH'S head—great deal in that glance—man never yet born on earth who could give, take or take in so quickly a[illegible] much as those girls did in quarter of second. Then came the sidelong squint—quick as frightened lightning at figure and dress—meant to get at STYLE, social position, lady-ism. DE BROOM nothing to flinch for—didn't flinch—BROOM'S a brick—knows she's no shade of "common"—knows herself "free from sin, trick or vice." Exit CATALPA—every rustle of her dress saying:

"Well—the girl is certainly a lady."

BROOM would like great deal better to sit in judgment instead of taking it. But she keeps her gun up first-rate. She'll be there some day ten years from now. Happier! Not by jug-full.

Great event of day at all Jersey sand-beaches; particularly C. May! is bath. Stump down through sand—undress in rough board shed, tub salt water on floor—sand gritting on floor—voices of bathers singing all around. Out into sunlight—fiery furnace—sand scorching hot under foot—queer light independent feeling however when in pantaloons, leather belt, flannel shirt and nothing else. Can run, sit down in sand, do as you blest please, nobody cares. Wait—here come the ladies!—Jer-u-sa-lem crick-ets!!! And that's FLINDERS! That rowdy, saucy, bare-foot, jolly, hoopless rip the celebrated FLINDERS! That piratical bloomer, FLINDERS! And tother one is DE BROOM. [illegible]t is.

Rush down through the crowd—go in lemons!—sw'p!—how refreshing the first ice cold swash of foam—toe-deep, ankle-deep, knee-deep—I've got FLINDERS by the hand—jolly little hand—whoop—the surf is up to her nice little black leather belt now—steady!—turn my back to great sea—here comes an elephant breaker, a regular Great Eastern rolling in—an all devouring smooth rolling monster—ah but FLINDERS gives a lovely scream—just before it breaks lift her up; hold her high—am lost myself in a watery abyss—but wave lifts us—takes us in, and FLINDERS declares with emphatic delight she actually seemed to fly in shore—it was *so* delicious! Yes—don't doubt it—not much flying for gentleman bather though. Wants a strong arm and long practice to bathe girl well this way—girl must know how too—know how to catch breaker just before breaking—turn feet in shore—half float—let up!

Face music again—let's go under! Good. Hold to FLINDERS as to only treasure, brace steady—here it comes—bang! But *we* go under like Kanakas—Captain FLINDERS a grand old brick of a bather that's certain—how she dives—how her eyes shine as she comes out of water jolly as a Newfoundland dog! Go it again my rose-bud, you're game all over!

I look in shore, I see the CATALPA bathing with a wretched old Noodle in knee-deep water; I pity her. I know she wants some fun, *la povera!* Apropos lady friend—introduces FLINDERS; Noodle escapes ashore, we three join hands, RANDOLPH and BROOM come into the ring—Ocean we defy thee. RANDOLPH takes the CATALPA Queen out—she throws herself to the work like a voluptuous swell as she is—pity she and RANDOLPH couldn't be drowned just now.

Go ashore; oysters, crackers, cobblers, sent to all the rooms, calm steals all over hotel—only in bar-room subdued horse talk, rattle of ice, lunchers dropping off one by one. The CATALPA in her room amid her own handsome furniture sent down from New York, FLINDERS and DE BROOM in their more modest apartment on hotel bedsteads, RANDOLPH and I even worse upholstered—all feel just the same sea breeze, cool, fresh, soul-cheering, which pours in at window and lifts up the mat and flaps it on the floor and blows the curtains and merrily sings to sleep. Good licks! There's RANDOLPH—half asleep with his Partegas between his lips, puffing slowly—there in the distance, far through the window is a long line of blue sea and white ships and Henlopen light-house—down towards kitchens and servants' quarters the nigger ha ha-ing is heard less and less distinctly—curtain—breeze—curtain—FLINDERS—*tap tap*—nothing—head on pillow—dream of EOLINE CATHERINE WHEEL——

[Well—we *did* all wake up in time for dinner and had *a right nice time* of it, though B. S. *did* spoil my soup by telling me to put *sherry* in it. Dear VANITY FAIR—he *is* queer——] *Interrupted marginal note in lead pencil, signed* FLINDERS.

Ominous.

Notwithstanding the bad split in the Democratic party, the members of both factions are disposed to hope, from the fact that so many rails are required by the Republicans for campaign purposes. It indicates that they also will have to do a great deal of Splitting.

Prophecy by a Poet.

The bird that hovers over the head of the Coming Man, is the Baltimore Aureole!

"WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A BUTTON?"

The True Report.

There having been some variation in the different reports of Prof. JAMES RENWICK'S evidence before the Central Park Investigating Committee, we feel happy in being able to give the real article. The Professor did not find any fault with the Park; he merely testified that there was more road room than was necessary and too little hill; that he considered the plan of the Park a bad one; he disapproved of the blasting and objected to the rocks; thought the location was unhealthy, and hadn't much faith in the honesty of the Commissioners; looked upon the pond as a mud hole and the bridges as miserable and unsightly failures; believed the tunnel to be a wretched piece of engineering, and the trees wrongly set out. This was all the Professor said.

Which they Won't.

A Union-and-Constitution-party politician lately asked one of Our Young Men if he thought the people would elect BELL, whether or no. "Elect Bell-Wether?" asked Our Young Man; "I should as soon expect them to elect Ewe!"

The First Bassi Profundi.

Those who Went Down into the C.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF FOWLER.

Ever since the flight of MR. I. V. FOWLER, late postmaster of this city, the papers have been laboring to make him ubiquitous. He is positively in Havana. He has been seen drinking a gin cocktail gracefully, in Denver City, wherever that is. He has been recognized at Baden-Baden. He has gone to Salt Lake. He is mining at Pike's Peak. In short, where isn't he?

In order that this ubiquity may be carried out in a proper and becoming manner, we have made arrangements to furnish the press at large with paragraphs concerning the whereabouts of FOWLER, which we will supply to the trade at the lowest possible cash rates. They will be written in a neat and elegant style of diction, and wear an evident truthfulness on their faces, calculated to deceive even MR. FOWLER himself. Printed on slips, and sent in packages, free of postage, they will be found of the greatest service, especially to provincial editors, whose knowledge of geography is not so great as it was before they took to knowing "no North, no South, no East, no West." For city journals, we have a slightly superior article, containing first class grammar, and intended to prey upon the finer sympathies of the more cultivated classes. These, of course, are more expensive than the other kinds. Pathos brings a good price, just now, among literateurs.

The following is our catalogue with prices marked. Editors desiring paragraphs will please enclose the money, with a careful list of just the ones they wish; when the articles will be promptly sent, by mail. No money returned.

1. FOWLER in Jeddo, Japan, with particulars of his recognition by a ship-captain. - - $12,00 per doz.
1. In Leedsville, N. J. (flying rumor), disguised as a blacksmith, and working at trade. - - - $10,50
3. In Havana—same as in other papers, but grammatical. - - - - - - - - - - 5,00
4. In the wilds of Canada; touching narratives of adventures. - - - - - - - - 13,00
5. Same, but made very harrowing, with all the horrible details. - - - - - - - - 15,00
6. Same with authentic letter from FOWLER. - - 20,00
7. In Timbuctoo, with face blackened, passing for native, and married to chief's daughter; very interesting and rare - - - - - - - - 15,00
8. On Coney Island, digging clams for a wretched subsistence. - - - - - - - - - 10,00
9. Same, with affidavits of real oystermen (expensive, but calculated to produce great local excitement; good for city papers.) - - - - - 23,00
10. In Denver City, keeping a faro-bank (flying rumor.) 8,00
11. Same, authenticated. - - - - - - - - 12,00
12. Impenitent death, in the northern part of Herkimer County. - - - - - - - - - 10,00
13. Penitent ditto. - - - - - - - - - - 10,00
14. All the details, with last words blank, to be inserted. - - - - - - - - - - 15,00
15. Last words (applicants for these should state what church their papers belong to.) - - - - - 00,50

Any of these will be sent, single copies, for two dollars. Packages of one dozen, assorted, thirteen dollars. The whole fourteen, last words in five different styles included, eighteen dollars, and a liberal discount made to wholesale buyers. If gentlemen, on looking over our catalogue, do not see anything to attract them, they can have paragraphs done to order, on receipt of instructions, and fifteen dollars in advance. Address us at almost any place mentioned in the catalogue.

Worldly Ways.

We read, in a late number of the *World*, that

* * * * a great revival followed, bringing into the church great numbers of members, who were living among us, away in the west, *with their letters in their pockets*, taken from eastern churches.

Now what earthly—or *worldly* rather—use was there to speak of "their letters in their pockets?" Why not say, as well, with their handkerchiefs, pocket-books, night-keys, small change, etc.? We don't quite see the point of specifying letters alone. We presume it is a way of the world, though, and we, unrighteous journalists, can not be expected to understand it.

How Peter Funk avoids Arrest.

By keeping a Good Watch for the policeman round the corner.

MESSRS. HAMMETT & CO.

Poor Human Nature has many weaknesses, and among them is a very strong desire to get money. We hope we shall not be accused of cynicism, if we venture to express the opinion that poor Human Natures may be found, who desire, even, to get money without giving any due equivalent therefor. The great price of such, like "Virtue," is "its own reward"—indeed, itself only reward.

For there are other poor Human Natures, whose weakness is a sad confusion between those principles denominated by the Ancients "*meum et tuum.*" These poor Human Natures are low enough to play upon the weaknesses of the first-named class, and hence arise a vast and considerable number of swindles.

Perhaps the most thorough-going of all these is the Bogus Lottery Swindle. To be sure, one receives a ticket neatly printed and stamped with various incomprehensible numbers and things—but that is all one receives for his $.

And that is not quite the Ticket for Soup.

The genuine lottery, is, after all, not a very painfully conscientious and scrupulous affair. However, as its success depends upon that ineffaceable desire of poor Human Nature, to "trust to luck," as evinced by the institutions of pitching pennies, buying eggs in June, and advertising in the Sunday papers, we do not propose to discuss, much less to attack, its legitimacy.

But, if the genuine be questionable, what shall we say of the bogus? Doubtless, that it is *un*-questionable, in its black dishonesty.

Now, we do not mean to say that Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., of Wilmington, Delaware (whoever they may be,) are the proprietors of a bogus lottery. We do not desire, particularly, to figure as defendants in a suit for libel. We are not personally acquainted with Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., nor have we, at present, any wish to form their acquaintance. They may be very exemplary and eminently respectable persons. As eminently respectable as the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, Author of "The Mount Vernon Papers," for instance. But we do not know, *de facto*, so we by no means advise people to buy lottery-tickets of them. It is just possible, indeed, that if we were asked, by some young and inexperienced friend, for advice on the subject, we should say, "There be thieves, and thieves. Blessed are those that expect nothing, for when they don't draw any prize from Messrs. HAMMETT & Co's lottery, it will be no more astonishment to them than to us!"

This we might say, and with all due respect to Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., we think that our estimate would not be greatly below the mark.

For we received, a letter, last week, from a mercantile firm in Peoria, Illinois, as follows:

Editors VANITY FAIR:—

Enclosed we send you our reply to the letter we mail here with . . . . Our city has been flooded with letters of this description, and we think our reply, enclosed, about as brief and expressive as we could give.

Yours truly, —— —— & Co.

The letter spoken of, is from Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., to the Peoria firm, and opens in this remarkable manner:

DEAR SIR:—Having a large correspondence in almost every section of the country but yours, and being satisfied that we cannot introduce our lotteries to advantage in your neighborhood until we send a good Prize to some one living there, *we offer it to you.* We will of course expect you to make it known among your acquaintances that you have drawn a handsome Prize at our office, otherwise no benefit will accrue to us from this arrangement . . . . . To show you our faith in the certificate, we promise that if it does not draw at least $4.000, we will give you another certificate in one of our Extra Lotteries *for nothing.* Let us know how you wish the money sent, and send us $10 in your letter to pay the managers for the certificate. Please keep this letter strictly confidential, until we send you the money . . . . . Please send immediately. Very Respectfully,

HAMMETT & Co.

There! Could anything be more generous or more fair? Just try it once, if you have ten dollars that you especially desire to dispose of effectually, without the smallest morsel of a *quid pro quo!*

It is a great pity that the city was "flooded with such letters." We are charitable, almost to excess, but we cannot think that even the generosity of Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., could stand a free gift of "at least $4.000," to every respectable firm in Peoria. And then, why didn't Messrs. HAMMETT & Co. send on the prize at once, deducting that "$10, to pay the managers for the certificate?" Why send money backward and forward, in this way, when they have it all in their own hands? What sort of bird, we should like to know, can be caught with this sort of chaff?

We are obliged to the gentlemen who furnished us with this interesting document. If they had kept it "strictly confidential" until they received the money, as requested by Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., we fear that we should have never had this opportunity of exposing the business, and showing the Dear Public to what an extent the cultivation of cheek is carried in Wilmington, Delaware.

We have purposely repeated the name of Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., until our readers must have become familiar with it. If they should be swindled by anybody of that name now, we really cannot be held responsible for it. The gentlemen who sent us the letter, with their reply, were one too many for Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., and they will, doubtless, be pleased to see that reply reproduced from their pen-and-ink sketch, by the hand of our artist. Behold!

PEORIA, Ill., June 28th, 1860.

Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., Wilmington, Del.

GENTLEMEN—

Yours affectionately, —— ——

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?

We have received the following festive epistle:

MALTA SALOON, July 5th, 1860.

MR. EDITOR—Sir: As you are probably aware that the Champion of the World is expected here shortly, it will be unnecessary for us to state the fact. What we wish to ask of you is, how we had best go to work to give him a regular tip-top reception. You see that Belt question rather refuses to go down with some of our boys, and they don't care about taking hold of matters so sweet as they would if HEENAN had took the original strap. The English have such a hankering after 'arf an' 'arf, you know, that they shoved it down our Boy's throat, whether or no. Now Jack's just the loveliest Boy out, but he didn't get what he went for, and what he earned. SAYERS got more than he wanted and more than he ought to have. It is the undersigned's opinion that the gentlemen who gave GEORGE WILKES a dinner at the ASTOR HOUSE should come forward and lend their advice in the matter. Most of us want to have him take the ribbons off the JAPANESE reception and ball, and beside spoil business for that travelling Incognito, the Prince of Wales—(Benicia's proper title, by the way.) Governor Morgan ought, of course, to come down and review him, and the Corporation could easily vote $50.000 for the entertainment of the man they bet on. Now, Mr. Editor, what is your opinion on the matter?

Respectfully,

FIVE OLD SPORTS.

Our advice is, First, get the $50.000 appropriation.

Second, Ask the Editor of the *World* what he thinks about it.

Third, Wait till HEENAN arrives, and then ask him what he thinks about it.

Fourth, Have Boole to act as Committee on the Whole.

Fifth, Retain KNIGHT as counsellor.

Sixth, Invite the Fourth Ward School Trustees to Turn Out some more female teachers to meet him.

Seventh, Get four steam-fire engines to play on him in the Park.

Eighth, Have JOHN MORRISSEY freshly killed, and make a meal off him.

Ninth, Let HEENAN take the Ox by the horns.

Tenth. Dont ask us any more questions. ED. V. F.

VANITY FAIR.

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It will wash a single handkerchief, collar, lace sleeve, six shirts, or all of these articles together, without the necessity of soaking or boiling.

These results are produced by the constant reaction of the suds, and not by friction of rubbing surfaces. It is admirably adapted for introduction into houses with stationary tubs, as it may be enclosed and connected with the waste and water pipes, and will make an important feature in houses "with all the modern improvements."

In Families, Laundries, Hotels, Boarding-houses, Hospitals, Asylums, Boarding-schools, on Ships and Steamers, and in the Army, it will be found unequalled and indispensable.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country. The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press.*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"Its illustrations are superior to any that have heretofore appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the number is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

"Pungent and humorous, and shows much ability in its editorial management."—*Louisville Journal.*

"The whole affair is exceedingly clever."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"There is no small degree of smartness in VANITY FAIR."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon* (N. J.) *Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

"This is the first really clever comic and satirical journal we have had in America—and really clever it is. It is both sharp and good-tempered, and not afraid to say that its soul is its own—which shows that it has a soul. Our readers will be glad to know where they can find native fun that has something better in it than mere *patois*."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for originality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The very marked and flattering success which has thus far attended the publication of

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Enables the publisher to announce that with the commencement of the Second Volume, issued this day, 30th June, New Features, both Literary and Artistic, will be introduced, which will increase the value and interest of the paper, and fully maintain the proud position unanimously accorded to it, as the leading

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Ten copies	20 00

An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of not less than five copies.

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TO EDITORS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Our exchange list has become so large that we shall be obliged to curtail it. Those who desire an exchange will please insert the above Special Notice and Terms three times, and send marked copies to this office, upon receipt of which we will forward the paper for One Year. No others will be noticed.

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DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING.

There is a DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT attached to the VANITY FAIR Establishment, for the execution of Job Work. For advertisement containing particulars, see another column